Strange Proximity

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Strange Proximity

by crystalusagi

Summary

Continuation of the AU in which Will and Hannibal have a one-night stand before the show begins. Sorry, you may need to read the first one or references may not make sense.

Hannibal brings Will breakfast in Apéritif.

Notes

Thanks so much to Tirlaeyn for the encouragement and Tiggy for the excellent beta-read!

See the end of the work for more notes

The knock comes as a relief after the intensity of his dreams, until Will's fully awake and realizes just who is likely to be behind the door. Another day of Jack Crawford pointing his mind at this murder like it's a sharp-edged tool. He gets out of bed, untangling the blanket from his legs, and goes to answer.

The door opens, and Will's hand nearly slips off the doorknob in surprise.

"Good morning, Will," greets Hannibal Lecter, dressed impeccably and smiling pleasantly at Will as if this happens every day. Cool morning air filters through the open door, and Will realizes that, compared to Hannibal, he's wearing very little—just a t-shirt and shorts. He fights the impulse to cover his bare arms and legs with something; there isn't anything nearby to grab. "May I come in?"

Will resists the urge to slam the door shut, but it's a near thing. He scans the background for signs of Jack. "Where's Crawford?"

"Deposed in court. The adventure will be yours and mine today." Hannibal looks like he finds the prospect a pleasing one. His gaze flits behind Will into the darkened room, as if he expects to see someone else there. God, does he think Will *would*? "May I come in?" he repeats.

If he's here in place of Jack on official business Will doesn't see how he can refuse him entrance. Still, he doesn't like the way his body responds to the proximity as Hannibal steps past him. His pulse pounds in his ears like a drum.

"I need coffee," Will mumbles, mostly to himself, zeroing in on distraction and hanging onto it like a lifeline. He turns his back to Hannibal and goes to the little kitchenette on one side of the room to fill the beaker with water. His fingers linger on the handle once he's dumped the water into the vessel and started the machine. He forces himself to turn back around.

Hannibal has already made his way to the little table overlooking the window. He's unpacking something from a bag he brought with him. His movements are quick and economical, and there's gracefulness in every line of his body. The light from the nearby window hits his hair and reflects the color of the strands, silver and brown and shades in-between; he's looking down at the table settings he's laid out, and Will takes the opportunity to admire just how good he looks lit up like that, the effect so different from the lamp light of a hotel room or the clinical fluorescence of the Quantico offices.

A glance up, and their eyes meet for a brief instant before Will spins around.

"Are you having coffee?" he calls over his shoulder, hand back on the beaker. *Only a few more seconds*, he thinks.

"If you are offering, yes," comes the answer. Same polite, unassuming tone from Jack's office. No sign of the man who made Will beg for it.

No, no—don't think about that.

Will's knuckles turn white around the beaker handle. The beep of the coffee machine almost makes him jump when it sounds. "Sugar?" he asks, pouring the steaming liquid into two coffee mugs that he finds in the overhead cabinet. "I don't think there's any cream."

"Black is fine."

Drawing in a breath, Will turns around to face Hannibal again.

"Thank you, Will," Hannibal murmurs as Will passes him his cup; their fingers brush.

Was that an accident?

He's reading too much into everything.

Hannibal pops the lids off a pair of tupperware containers. "I'm very careful about what I put into my body, which means I end up preparing most meals myself. A little protein scramble to start the day. Some eggs, some sausage." He pushes one of the containers over towards Will.

Hannibal made him breakfast. For a moment Will considers the implications of the sausage, but decides that Hannibal is probably too refined to be playing in dirty puns. Everything looks good and smells even better. He grabs a fork and pulls the food out of the container onto the plate which Hannibal must have brought along with him too. It's been longer than he can remember since he's had home-cooked anything, and it feels wrong not to eat it properly. He takes a bite, feeling the pressure of the other man's eyes on him. Chewing and swallowing feels almost obscene. "It's delicious." Almost as an afterthought: "Thank you."

"My pleasure."

A quick glance up, just in time to see Hannibal's satisfied smile crinkling the corners of his eyes. His voice is warm, like it really *does* please him, and Will's mind instantly takes him there—*It would please me to hear you beg.* Heat crawls up his neck and settles onto his face, onto the tips of his ears.

He hears Hannibal shifting in his seat; the clink of the other man's fork against the plate ceasing. He's leaning in closer to Will, sincerity carved into every line of his face. "I would apologize for my ambush, but I know I will soon be apologizing again and you'll tire of that eventually, so I have to consider using apologies sparingly."

"Which ambush are we talking about?" Will says before he can stop himself. He nearly bites his own tongue, wishes he could take the question back. He stabs at a piece of sausage and takes another bite. Another glance at Hannibal, who is still barely eating, just moving food back and forth on his plate.

"The analytical ambush in Jack's office, of course."

"Right." Will blinks to break the unnerving eye contact, brings his focus firmly back on the food. It *is* delicious; he only had a frozen burger from the convenience store last night. "Just…keep it professional."

“Or we could socialize like adults,” suggests Hannibal, and there’s a low, velvety quality to his voice that makes Will’s eyes snap back up to meet his. “God forbid we become friendly.”

Will swallows the food in his mouth. He lifts his gaze and sees that Hannibal is watching him, eyes fixed on the column of Will’s neck. He swallows again. Sees Hannibal’s lips press together for a second or two.

“I don’t find you that interesting,” he says, but his voice is weak and lacking in conviction, and he can tell that Hannibal doesn’t believe a word of it, because Hannibal is *smiling* again. “What?” he asks, barely refraining from issuing a glare in defense.

An infinitesimal shake of Hannibal’s head, that knowing smile still curling his lips. He spears a small piece of sausage on the tines of his fork and places it into his mouth. The tines drag across his bottom lip as he pulls the fork free. Will’s fingers clench on his own fork. He feels himself biting down on his bottom lip unconsciously.

“And suppose I could settle for a reflection?”

Will’s eyes snap upward, his attention dragged away from the plushness of Hannibal’s lips.

‘*I can’t be sure whether the desire I feel is my own, or simply a reflection of your interest.*’ That was what he said to Hannibal, and now Hannibal’s throwing it back at him. A clear reminder of what passed between them, and what could still pass between them now.

“Could you?” He tells himself it’s just for curiosity’s sake.

“No, Will,” replies Hannibal, quite seriously, not smiling anymore. “I could not.”

Will knows it can’t be disappointment he feels stinging in the back of his throat. “So what, then?” he asks, and hates how the question sounds almost like a plea. He can feel himself blushing again.

“Whatever you’d like.” Yeah, it'd be great if Will knew what that was.

Silence for a moment, and then Hannibal places his fork down carefully beside the plate. “We could go back to being strangers. You could forget my name.”

It’s a ludicrous suggestion, and that must be why Will shifts in his seat, uncomfortable. Restless. Things don't *work* that way. “What—and you’ll forget mine?”

“Yes,” responds Hannibal, matter of fact. “If that is what you want ‘this’ to be.”

Will’s breath leaves him in a rush. That is all it takes, apparently: the word ‘this’ coming from Hannibal’s lips like permission to forget for a moment that they’re meant to be working together, that Hannibal’s tried to get into Will’s mind, that this is a very bad idea. This can be simple. This can be good. This can be *right now*.

There’s a clatter; Will glances down and realizes he’s dropped his fork onto the half-empty plate. “Sorry—” he mutters, but when he looks up again Hannibal is *there*, within arm’s

reach, standing inches away from him, a hard bulge straining against his expensive gray slacks.

“Is that what you want, Will?”

And Will draws in a shaky breath and stands, knocking back his chair, reaching for Hannibal’s arms to tug him closer. “No names, remember?” he rasps. He’s hard too, has been hard since Hannibal said ‘*My pleasure’* in that deep, velvety voice.

The air is hot between them as they press themselves together, Will’s heartbeat picking up speed when Hannibal’s hands roam over his body: fingers trailing up from his elbows to his shoulder blades, kneading lightly, then palms pressing down his back along the curve of his spine until Hannibal is cupping his hands on the cheeks of Will’s ass, pulling him close. They grind their bodies together, the movement lewd and obscene. “Oh,” Will gasps as the backs of his knees hits the edge of the mattress—he didn’t even realize Hannibal guided them to the bed.

Will reaches between them and pulls down his shorts to expose himself, sighing breathily in mingled relief and arousal. Hannibal’s eyes are holding his gaze, not letting go, and with the light behind him, his irises are dark, blending into the black of his pupils so that Will almost can't recognize this person who leans in to lick at his open lips. Hannibal tastes of salt from the sausage and the seasonings in the eggs, peppery and warm and herby, and Will swallows a moan and kisses him back, letting himself sink into the taste.

They tumble onto the bed, and then it’s the familiar sensation of Hannibal crawling on top of him, pushing him into the mattress. Kisses on the line of his jaw, on his neck where his pulse beats an urgent tempo against his skin, and then Hannibal’s hands rake up his stomach, grip the fabric of his t-shirt and tug it off. The cotton presses over his face as the t-shirt goes, and for a moment Will thinks he might suffocate. Then the t-shirt is flung aside, and Hannibal’s jacket and sweater go along with it. Hannibal continues his exploration of Will’s body, his mouth revisiting a path that has been taken before.

It doesn’t feel right. It’s not what he wants.

“Hey, no,” Will says when he’s able to distract himself from the sensation of Hannibal’s tongue trailing down his navel; he shakes his head. “Not this.”

Hannibal has got his fingers curled around Will’s stiff dick now, and he twists his wrist slightly, as if to demonstrate that they are doing just fine, but other than that small movement he stops what he’s doing. Waits.

Will groans, staring fixedly at Hannibal’s open mouth, kiss-swollen lips mere inches from the head of his cock. “I don’t want the same thing all over again,” he manages to say. “I don’t wanna be the one on my back, begging you to fuck me.”

Hannibal licks his lips. “No?” There’s a rasp to his voice that goes straight to Will’s cock.

“N-No.” He lifts his arms and circles them around Hannibal, pulling and maneuvering them until their positions are switched and Hannibal is the one with his back against the mattress.

Hannibal makes a pleased sound, hands coming up to smooth over Will's thighs. "What will you do with me now that you have me where you want me?" he asks, sounding amused and turned on at the same time.

Will gives him a vicious grin; he's already suspended his principles—he has some, doesn't he?—for the day and he doesn't see the point in doing that and only going half-way. He moves down, begins to unbuckle Hannibal's belt and strip him of his pants and underwear. He discards them on the floor in an undignified pile among his own clothes, and then turns back to Hannibal, arms propping himself up to hover above Hannibal's leaking cock. "I've been wanting this," he confides. "Wanting to see how you would feel in my mouth."

Hannibal's fingertips come up to touch the side of his face. A light caress. They're shaking. "So take me." His voice is so rough with arousal that Will isn't able to bite back the moan that escapes him, doesn't really try to. He curls his hand around Hannibal's cock and guides it into his mouth.

He sucks Hannibal off slowly, gliding his lips along the length an inch at a time, cheeks hollowed out and tongue flicking against the underside of Hannibal's cock. He gently caresses Hannibal's balls as he swallows him, pressing the pads of his fingers against the wrinkled skin, then going lower, rubbing over Hannibal's smooth perineum.

Hannibal's eyes are half-lidded with pleasure. He stares and stares and doesn't blink, and Will can see his throat working as he swallows, can see how much this turns him on, to be the one laid out like a feast, to have Will so close to his entrance, so close to pushing in with the tips of his fingers. Will *wants* to push in, and in this instant he knows that he's reading Hannibal's desire as much as his own.

"I need—" he says, pulling his mouth off, panting for breath and so hot from the idea that Hannibal wants this, wants Will's cock inside him, that he has to curl firm fingers around himself to stop from coming. "Condom. I don't have—"

"Here," Hannibal says in a thick, clipped voice, and pulls something out of the breast pocket of his shirt. A wrapped condom and a small packet of lube. Will takes it with trembling hands, rips the condom wrapper off. He lets out a shuddering exhale as he rolls it onto his cock.

"Did you come here…" He takes in another gulp of air to steady himself, but it doesn't work, his words come out shaky. "Did you know this would happen?" He pours the lube over his fingers and reaches down to touch them to Hannibal's hole.

"I hoped," Hannibal replies shortly, and then his eyes flutter closed as Will presses one finger in, and Will watches in acute fascination as he bites his lower lip, sharp teeth wearing at the soft skin until Will's almost afraid Hannibal will bloody himself. He adds a second finger. Hannibal sighs deeply, brows furrowed in concentration as he arches upwards into Will's touch. God, Will has to keep his free hand tight around his own dick because he could come just from the sight of this.

He only has three fingers inside Hannibal for a few seconds before Hannibal's eyes fly open. "That's enough," he says, still in that thick, clipped tone, and Will would laugh if he weren't

so turned on. “I’m ready.”

“What, no ‘please’ for me?” It’s meant to be a joke, something to lighten the mood as Will withdraws his fingers and slicks more lube onto his cock, ready to press in.

It’s a misstep, a disastrously faulty calculation. Hannibal rolls his hips up so that his slick hole rubs against the underside of Will’s cock, both of them moaning from the contact. “Show me how good you can be,” says Hannibal, eyes like smoldering embers, his position on the bed letting the light illuminate his face, his torso, his cock, thick and hard and rising beautifully, suspended above his body. “Don’t be gentle—you won’t hurt me, Will. Make it good for me.”

Will groans and moves forward, guiding himself into Hannibal. *Oh, my god. He said my name.* Will knows he should care, and maybe he will later, but right now all he feels is undone, unmoored, unable to tear his eyes away from the sight of his cock disappearing slowly into Hannibal’s body, slick heat enveloping him and his name in Hannibal’s deep voice echoing in the air.

Hannibal inhales sharply through his nose and holds his breath until Will is all the way in, then releases it in one slow, languorous exhale. Will can feel Hannibal’s pulse thrumming around the length of his dick, and it drives him nearly insane with the need to move. So he does.

Hannibal said Will doesn’t need to be gentle, and he isn’t. He surges again and again into Hannibal’s body, hands on Hannibal’s hips for leverage, fucks Hannibal the way Hannibal fucked him in that fancy hotel room. Hannibal takes it silently, back arched off the bed to meet Will’s thrusts, taking everything Will has to give him unblinkingly, the pressure of his fingers digging into Will’s arms as they move together.

“Tell me, am I making it good for you, Dr. Lecter?” asks Will, because Hannibal was the one who broke the rules first, so this doesn’t count, is only payback, reciprocation of Hannibal’s earlier betrayal. “Do you like how my cock fills you, Hannibal?”

And *there*, Hannibal’s face thrown back, eyes snapping shut and mouth falling open in a silent cry as he comes, his release hot and wet between them and his muscles clenching around Will. Will fucks him through it, fucks Hannibal until he feels his orgasm approaching. He drives into Hannibal with increased fervor, over and over until Hannibal utters a soft keening sound, completely involuntary, that shatters Will, has him groaning and bending over Hannibal to press his face against Hannibal’s chest, breathe in his scent again as he comes.

They remain locked in this position for a few moments. Will’s fingers loosen slowly on Hannibal’s hips. He listens to the rapid beat of Hannibal’s heart against his chest, already slowing by increments. His cock is softening and he should pull out soon or the condom might slip, but he stays for another minute buried in the warmth of Hannibal’s body.

Eventually Hannibal’s arms come up to hold him, hands stroking over his hair, across his cheeks. There's fondness and gratitude there, and it jars Will out of his sated stupor. He pulls back, getting rid of the condom and then lifting himself up and away from Hannibal. He

stares down at Hannibal, naked except for his wrinkled shirt, the top two buttons come undone, his own come glistening in various spots on the fabric.

“Shit. I don't suppose you’ve got a spare shirt. I don't think any of mine would fit.” They definitely wouldn't go with the rest of Hannibal’s clothes. Although the idea of Hannibal in Will’s flannel shirt and nothing else is a tempting one. Maybe next time.

God. Will there be a next time?

Hannibal, true to past experience, composes himself quickly. He sits up from the bed, feet landing on the floor just as Will steps away to grab new clothes from his overnight bag. “No change of clothes, I'm afraid. Although I do think this will suffice for the rest of the day. It will be worn under layers; my sweater covers the soiled areas. If I might use your shower later?”

Will thinks about Hannibal walking beside him as they go about FBI business, the shirt underneath his yellow sweater and brown jacket stained with semen, and wishes that he’d thought to pull off his condom before he orgasmed, so that it’d be his come there too, his scent on Hannibal’s body, undetected but *there*, for the two of them alone. If he hadn’t just come he’s sure he’d be hard.

“Sure you don’t want the shower first?”

And Hannibal smiles politely at him. “In a little while. I find I am reluctant to move just yet.”

“Was I too rough?” Will asks, and then he grins at Hannibal, because he likes the idea of Hannibal too weak from fucking to stand.

Hannibal returns the grin easily, but there is something altogether too serious in his eyes. “No. Not too rough.”

Will needs a shower. Needs to get out from under the heavy weight of Hannibal’s gaze, too personal and intimate now that they aren’t caught in a tide of lust. He picks some clothes at random from his bag and stands. “Me first, then.” He makes his way toward the bathroom.

Hannibal is where Will left him when he gets out of the bathroom, freshly washed and fully dressed. There is a soft smile playing on his lips, and when he sees Will his eyes sparkle with amusement.

“You’ve put your armor back on.”

“Yes,” Will agrees. He glances pointedly to the floor, where Hannibal’s clothes are still lying. “Going to don yours, now?”

Hannibal nods, finally gets up and retrieves his discarded garments, draping them over one arm. He turns and heads to the bathroom, and Will lets himself admire the sight of him, graceful, naked, and unashamed, as he walks away.

Hannibal emerges from the bathroom as immaculately dressed as he was when he appeared at the door. *God, has it only been less than an hour?* As Will thought, no one will be able to guess that he's had sex, that the shirt underneath that sweater is proof of this.

“Agent Crawford tells me you have a knack for monsters,” he says, an offering of professionalism which Will gladly takes.

“I don’t think the Shrike killed that girl in the field.”

They sit back at the table and discuss the serial killer over the remains of their breakfast. Will relaxes into the safety of this, just business as usual, and when Hannibal veers the conversation toward him again, Will’s so relaxed that he lets him.

“Ever have any problems, Will?”

“No,” Will answers, and it’s almost playful, the way he allows himself to smile back at Hannibal’s attempt at a joke.

“Of course you don’t.” Hannibal is pleased with his answer, he's practically jubilant. “You and I are just alike. Problem-free. Nothing about us to feel horrible about.”

Will wonders, suddenly, if Hannibal is talking about them separately when he says ‘*us*’ or if he is talking about the collective them. Wonders if he could believe Hannibal, either way.

Hannibal’s next words make it rather clear. “You know, Will,” he says, leaning in, his food forgotten again, “I think Uncle Jack sees you as a fragile little tea-cup, the finest china used only for special guests.”

It startles a laugh out of Will, the idea at once so bizarre and so smacking of truth that it knocks him off balance. “How do *you* see me?” he asks, curiosity winning out over caution, lids fluttering as he looks up to meet Hannibal’s eyes.

Hannibal holds his gaze steady, and his voice is deeper than it was before when he answers. “The mongoose that I want under the house when the snakes slither by.”

Will isn’t sure whether that’s a compliment or a condemnation. He doesn’t know what to think about it. He finds himself unable to break the eye contact, as much as he tries.

Hannibal is the one to do it, in the end, dropping his eyes back to his plate and taking up another forkful of sausage and eggs, leaving Will staring at him, perplexed.

“Finish your breakfast.”

End Notes

Kudos are much-appreciated but comments will be snogged!

Also here is a link to the tumblr post, in case you feel like reblogging (reblogs are also lovely and appreciated)!

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!